

## SALT LAKE INVENTOR MEANS TO HAUL PASSENGERS IN AEROPLANE

## AEROMOTOR TO PULL THE CAR

Samuel H. Gilson Believes He Will Solve a Commercial Problem.

## WILL MAKE A TEST SOON

AEROPLANES WILL WORK WITH OR WITHOUT AEROMOTOR.

Samuel H. Gilson of this city, who is perfecting his plans for the manufacture of an aeromotor and aeroplane, which he recently has had patented, and with which he hopes to accomplish much good for the country, in a commercial way, expects to complete his "trial engine" during the coming week. The engine, which has been in course of construction several months at the foundry of Silver Brothers' iron works, is of 20-horsepower and will weigh about 300 pounds.

While Mr. Gilson believes that he has a machine which will fill the requirements, he will make sure by the trial engine that the various details of his plans are right. If the engine should test out as he believes will be the case, he will go east and have constructed an engine of 100-horsepower, with a steel of steel, about three-sixteenths of an inch in thickness, backed up with aluminum, to make the engine as light as possible. This engine would have a diameter of thirty inches and it is said that it would weigh scarcely more than 150 or 200 pounds.

The aeromotor, for which Mr. Gilson already has obtained a patent, consists of an engine, mounted on wheels, which enable it to run along the ground to get a start. The lifting power is found in a set of wings which rise and fall alternately on the two sides of the machine. Above the engine portion of the aeromotor is a parachute which is kept in its plane above the engine by means of a gas bag, the parachute being intended for use in case it should be found necessary to make a slow descent.

## To Haul Aeroplanes.

The aeromotor, in the general plan of Mr. Gilson, would correspond to the locomotive of a train or the tugboat of a barge, and would be found of use in attaining a high velocity through the air, being used to haul one or more aeroplanes. The aeroplane, as shown in the picture made from the model built by Mr. Gilson, is equipped with an engine and propellers, so that it could travel independently of the aeromotor, although the idea would be, in commercial use, to have the car for passengers take the place of the engine, as shown in the picture. The aeroplane itself is built so as to maintain its own equilibrium in the air automatically, unlike the Wright brothers' airplane, the course of which is regulated by levers, worked by an operator.

As shown in the picture, the two ends of the wing are operated by a pinion in the center, attached to a wheel, which in turn operates a set of levers at the end of the aeroplane dip, when in the air, that end of the wing will rise and thus present an obstruction to the air, thus causing the aeroplane to cover its horizontal position automatically.

## UNDINE CLUB HAS A SURPRISE FOR OFFICER

Wednesday evening the members of the Undine club surprised their president, Mrs. Wilbur C. Price, at her home on Fifth avenue. The evening was pleasantly spent in music and dancing and a general good time. Later a dainty supper was served. Those who participated in the affair were the Messames Wilbur C. Price, H. Van Dam, Jr., C. LeRoy Clayton, and the Messames Augusta Youngberg, Mamie Price, Ethel Griggs, Virginia Smith, Edith Edmonds, Mamie Summerhays, Alice Hardy, M. E. Perkins, Alice Parry, Irene Delaney, Jennie Nelson, Lisle Bradford, Kathryn Gabbott and Beth Bradford.

## SAMUEL NEWHOUSE PAYS MORTGAGE OF \$101,000

If Colonel Samuel Newhouse desires to use the mortgage which covered Popperston place to light his Havana cigar with, he may do so. Popperston, the exclusive residential section of the northeast bench, was plastered with a mortgage of \$101,000 when it was purchased about two years ago, but now that tiny little bit has been paid over by Mr. Newhouse to the holders of the mortgage and the place is free.

## AFTER SUFFERING TEN YEARS

## Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

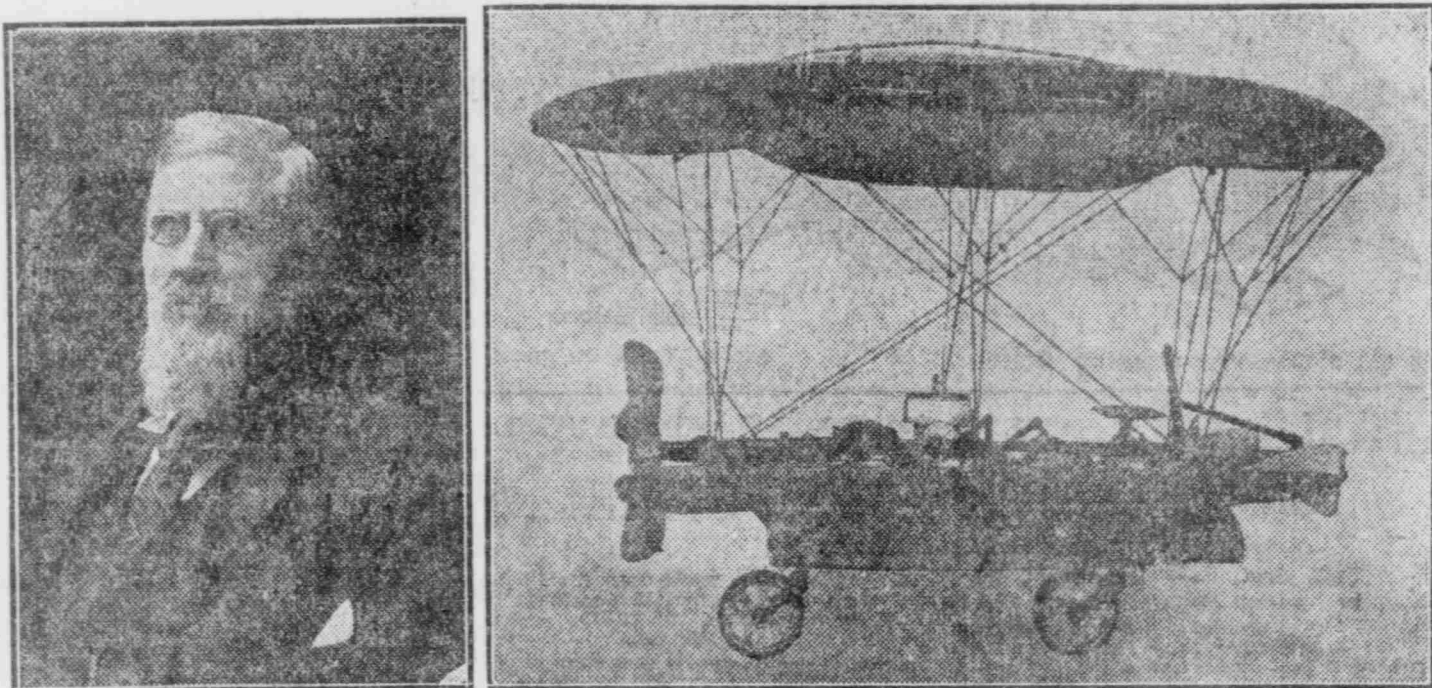
MARLBTON, N.J.—I feel that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has given me new life. I suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inflammation, ulceration, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not care whether I lived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering. —MRS. GEORGE JORDY, Box 40, Marlton, N.J.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.



Aeroplane fitted with independent motor.



SAMUEL H. GILSON.

Aeromotor Showing parachute.

## WOES COME WHEN TWO NEW COAL MINES TO OPEN CAT IS KILLED

Murder of Captain's Pet by Superstitious Sailors Blamed for Unlucky Voyage.

Carrying jury topmasts, with her main course in tatters and her crew exhausted, the Norwegian bark Gartha, 140 days from Pandang, in Java, trailed through The Narrows in tow of an ocean tug that had picked up the storm battered old wind-jammer off Sandy Hook.

There had been never a dry deck in all of the 11,000 nautical miles of the weary voyage. Had seas and gales had been the portion of the ship's company of twelve, with double duty half of the time.

It was all due to the loss of Tom, the ship's big black cat, as Captain Skulstad explained, with mournful shakes of his grizzled head. One of the crew knows what became of Tom, for he was the cat's executioner.

Vast cargoes had come and gone across the Atlantic while the Gartha was making that long voyage.

"You see, sailors do not like cats at sea," said the captain. "They think cat brings bad luck and so when I shipped Tom in Batavia before sailing for Pandang the whole crew felt sure that bad luck was coming."

"All the way to Pandang the crew were talking about that cat. They did not like him around, though he was well behaved."

"It was when we were beating into Pandang that I lost him. I wish I knew who did it—I wish I knew."

"It was just before eight bells, and the watch was about to be changed. I distinctly saw in the moon a sailor come up from the forecastle with a black sort of bundle. The man gave the bundle a toss and it landed on the cat. Then I knew Tom had been cast overboard."

"The sailor disappeared and every man knew of the cat's disappearance. I knew that one of them was guilty and I knew we were going to have a hard voyage."

"We were not long in doubt. The very day we sailed out of Pandang, on March 2, we ran for two days and worked away our togetherness. The wind just tore them sails all to pieces. We rigged new ones the next day and they, too, were torn from the topmasts."

"But it was not until April 11, while we were still in the Pacific, that we met real trouble."

"The wind fell almost to a dead calm and then it swooped down on us from the southward and just tore the topmasts out of the ship. All three of the topmasts, with all attached rigging, went over the side and began pounding our hull. With the bark heeling away to port and seas washing us fore and aft I managed to get her nose into the wind and start men working away that wreckage."

"After some days, when the weather cleared, we rigged them sticks," pointing contemptuously to his jury topmasts, "but even so we could not make up for the loss of our gallants' and, then we lost more sails and had to keep on patching and replacing canvas."

"The straining hull spread some of the seams, coming around the Cape of Good Hope, and for two days we worked away the pumps until the weather cleared. We finally reached the deck and some of the seams, but the water was in the pumps more or less all the rest of the voyage."

"No use going over the whole voyage. It was day after day of plunging and lifting to head seas and heaving about for miles to gain a mile of headway."

"It was all on account of the loss of that cat. If Tom had not been cast to the sharks we would never have made such a voyage."

## WOMEN'S AMERICAN CLUB GIVES A CARD PARTY

About 115 members of the Women's American club, their husbands and friends enjoyed themselves last night at a card party at the Federation of Labor hall. During the early part of the evening various games were played, following which sandwiches, cake and coffee were served to the players. The gathering partook of a social or "get acquainted" party, and politics did not enter into the affair.

## Inspector Tells of Vast Deposits in Carbon and Emery Counties.

Machinery is installed. Output will be sufficient to supply state for years.

Work is being rushed in Carbon and Emery counties installing machinery for two of the largest coal mines in the United States, according to J. E. Pettit, state coal mine inspector, who has just returned from that district and left yesterday for an inspection of the mines at Coalville. Mr. Pettit has been out of the city for two weeks, but the starting of several new mines will keep him on the road nearly all of the time.

The two mines are those of the Consolidated Fuel company in Miller Creek, Carbon county, and the Castle Valley company in Cedar Creek, Emery county. The two mines are in the same mountain, and experts who have gone over the country thoroughly declare there is more coal in that limited area than in any other place in America. The two companies are rushing preliminary work and will begin shipping coal within a short time.

When these companies begin shipping coal Utah will come to the front more than ever as one of the chief coal-producing states in the Union. It is declared by Mr. Pettit, that the companies will be able to ship as much coal as the demands of Utah require as they will have good railroad facilities and have enough coal in sight to supply the state for many years.

New Town.

A new town will be built near the Consolidated Fuel company's mine, which will be called Hiawatha. There will be a town of about 300 before the first of the year, and this will likely be increased to 500 early in 1910. The company will have an output daily of between 2,000 and 3,000 tons. There are now fourteen men working in the mines, besides scores on the railroad.

Robert Howard is superintendent of the mine, and expects to ship coal by the middle of November.

Work was started later on the Cedar Creek company's property, and this company will not begin the shipping of coal until next February or March. The Cedar Valley company will have a daily output of about 4,000 tons, or as much as the trade demands, for machinery will be installed which will be able to almost double the output intended.

The Castle Valley company has 4,000 acres of patented coal land, and the Consolidated Fuel company a total of 1,400 acres of patented land. The mountain in which the coal lies buried is well timbered. There are five large veins in the Castle Valley side of the mountain and three well defined veins of coal in the Consolidated Fuel company's side.

His knowledge of the world.

(Dundee Advertiser.)

A newly appointed Scottish minister, on his first Sunday of office, had reason to complain of the paucity of the collection.

"Mon," replied one of the elders, "they are close—close close. But," confidentially, "the old minister he put three or four saxe into the plate hess, just to give them a start. Of course, he took the saxe away with him afterwards."

The new minister tried the same plan, but the next Sunday he again had to re-failure. The total collection was not only small, but he was grieved to find that his own saxe was missing.

"To may be a better preacher than the old minister," exclaimed the elder, "but if ye had half the knowledge o' the world, an' o' yer ain flock in particular, ye'd ha' done what he did an' glued the saxe into the plate."

## BOY INJURED FATALLY.

Pitchfork Time Pierces the Lung of Farmer Lad.

(Special to The Herald-Republican.)

Richfield, Sept. 18.—Word comes from Salid of a serious accident to a boy named Bird from which he is expected to die. His father owns a farm on Gooseberry creek a few miles east of Salina, and while the boy was attending to some matters around the stables a pitchfork which his sister was using on the haystack dropped from her hands and struck the boy standing below. One of the tines pierced his right lung, entering just above the collar bone. No hope is entertained for his recovery.

## Newbro's Herpicide Stands The Test of Time

The Original remedy to kill the dandruff germ.

Any article depending solely upon its advertising to achieve success is never lasting.

The history of Newbro's Herpicide is one of continued successes. There is nothing of romance about it, it is simply a simple, one of natural irresistible growth.

Herpicide has been advertised to the people of the world for years, and it is not the result of accident—but a deserved success. It costs nothing to secure the honest opinion of the world's best specialists in your own case. Won't you TRY to get well? Won't you let Drs. Shores tell you the truth free?

Phrases by the Ministry.

I find Newbro's Herpicide, in every way, coming up to the highest standard of excellence. We have used it in our family for several years and have recommended it to many friends. It is a simple, one of natural irresistible growth.

Herpicide has been advertised to the people of the world for years, and it is not the result of accident—but a deserved success. It costs nothing to secure the honest opinion of the world's best specialists in your own case. Won't you TRY to get well? Won't you let Drs. Shores tell you the truth free?

Phrases by the Ministry.

I find Newbro's Herpicide, in every way, coming up to the highest standard of excellence. We have used it in our family for several years and have recommended it to many friends. It is a simple, one of natural irresistible growth.

Herpicide has been advertised to the people of the world for years, and it is not the result of accident—but a deserved success. It costs nothing to secure the honest opinion of the world's best specialists in your own case. Won't you TRY to get well? Won't you let Drs. Shores tell you the truth free?

Phrases by the Ministry.

I find Newbro's Herpicide, in every way, coming up to the highest standard of excellence. We have used it in our family for several years and have recommended it to many friends. It is a simple, one of natural irresistible growth.

Herpicide has been advertised to the people of the world for years, and it is not the result of accident—but a deserved success. It costs nothing to secure the honest opinion of the world's best specialists in your own case. Won't you TRY to get well? Won't you let Drs. Shores tell you the truth free?

Phrases by the Ministry.

I find Newbro's Herpicide, in every way, coming up to the highest standard of excellence. We have used it in our family for several years and have recommended it to many friends. It is a simple, one of natural irresistible growth.

## BALLOON TRIP INDUCES SLEEP

Former Salt Lake Resident Takes Nap High in the Clouds.

Many of the local people who have had dealings on the Salt Lake stock and mining exchange during the last two years read with interest the newspaper accounts Friday morning of the interesting balloon trip enjoyed Thursday by E. Chester Thompson, a former Salt Lake, in company with Charles J. Gildren, a Boston balloon pilot, when they ascended above the clouds to a height of 5,000 feet. Mr. Thompson, according to his pilot, was affected to such an extent by the altitude that he fell asleep and slept for an hour.

Mr. Thompson was mentioned in the dispatches as an engineer of Salt Lake, but was not so known here. He came to this city from New York about two years ago as a promoter, and was associated for a time in business with Richard J. Evans on the mining exchange, and later figured as representative of Samuel Newhouse. He remained here only a few months, returning to New York last year, and has since been in that city and in Boston.

## COUNTRY EDITORS' DAY.

Many Varied Calls on His Time, but He Meets Them All.

(Washington Post.)

The duties of the editor of a live country weekly, with a circulation of 5,000 and a working force of fifteen or eighteen, are as the sand swept by the tides. There is no end to 'em.

At 7:30 a. m. Saturday morning such an editor was seated on his high stool at the long desk in the front part of his print shop slicing open his mail. He checked off the renewals on the mailing list to his right, handed the foreman the complaints from the various medicine advertisers and their changes, and with pen and ink attended to the letters that required answers. Then he rolled up 150 papers in single wraps, marked each one "sample copy" with a rubber stamp and addressed them to the possible subscribers and advertisers.

Between 8 and 9 he refereed a controversy between his foreman and one of the job printers, helped a printer girl decipher ten pages of badly written penmanship by "Old Subscriber," and entertained a committee of women seeking assistance for a church enterprise. It was 11 when the editor began making out some bills for the collector, who stood by waiting. A small gentleman wearing spectacles came in, deferentially removing a rusty stiff hat.

"I have some poetry," he said, producing a paper.

The editor looked up apprehensively.

"I would like to read it to you if you could spare the time," the visitor went on, getting closer.

"There's a man in the front room who likes poetry," said the editor. "Read it to him."

"But you're the editor, aren't you?"

"Well—yes—but—"

"Then you can't be the proper party. It won't take long."

"This is Saturday, and I'm awful busy. Couldn't you come 'round Monday?"

"I will not be in town Monday. I live in Iowa, and I'm here visiting my nephew, Tom Jones. Mr. Jones takes your paper."

"Oh, he does? Well, go ahead and read it."

The editor settled wearily back in a chair, and the collector left, saying she would return in the afternoon for the bills. The poet got out in the middle of the big room and read it in a tragic voice. The printers, thinking it a free entertainment, quit work and gathered around. There were ten pages of the poem, and it took an hour to get rid of the poet.

Then the editor began again on his bills, finished them, and, the collector having gone, he started to go out with them himself, when another editor was ushered in. He had a frown on his face and the editor saw trouble in his suppressed manner. He wanted to know if the paper meant to ridicule him and his family about a cat and a parrot story it had printed in that issue. He said the parrot was worth \$250, and that he could not see anything to joke about when the cat killed it.

The editor manfully assumed all blame for the story, which had been written by a reporter, insisted that no harm had been intended, and that he would be glad to retract in the future. When the visitor left the frown was gone and the editor had another dollar for renewal.

Directly after dinner the editor was summoned to a private meeting of the county's lawyers and a few citizens to consider a threatened move by certain persons who held a large number of bonds against the county, and with whom the county had been litigating for their years. It was a serious and important meeting, and lasted until late in the afternoon.

When the editor got back to his office he found the collector had been there, waited an hour, and left in disgust. Then he took the bills and went out to collect from the merchants during the rush hour of the busiest day in the week.

He hated to do it, but he knew at 5 o'clock the bread line would form by that long desk, and that the ghost had to dance whether it felt in a frothy mood or not. As the clock was striking the hour the editor, a bit tired, but with light of victory in his eye, was on hand with the goods.

When the last toll had passed by the long desk the telephone rang. It was a call from the superintendent of the Atlanta public school, twelve miles back in the country. The superintendent said there were 100,000 cases of Catarrh, Chronic, and Nervous diseases in the past year at Atlanta, the editor had to get up and unroll the proceedings, which lasted until nearly midnight.

Next morning at 9:30 sharp the editor was on hand at the Presbyterian Sunday school, where he taught a class and not long thereafter smiled indulgently as the late arrivals excused their tardiness on the grounds of multitudinous duties.

## THE LAST STRAW.

(New York Mail.)

Frank Daniels, early in his career, was principal in a small company that was touring "the provinces." Business had been poor and eating had become a luxury. It was only the cheering knowledge that the new opera house at

Many Cures in Malad

Dr. David C. Jones, Malad, Idaho.

Dr. David C. Jones, Malad, Idaho.

Dr. David C. Jones, Malad, Idaho.

Dr. David C. Jones, Malad, Idaho.

Dr. David C. Jones, Malad, Idaho.

Dr. David C. Jones, Malad, Idaho.

Dr. David C. Jones, Malad, Idaho.

## BALLOON TRIP INDUCES SLEEP

Former Salt Lake Resident Takes Nap High in the Clouds.

Many of the local people who have had dealings on the Salt Lake stock and mining exchange during the last two years read with interest the newspaper accounts Friday morning of the interesting balloon trip enjoyed Thursday by E. Chester Thompson, a former Salt Lake, in company with Charles J. Gildren, a Boston balloon pilot, when they ascended above the clouds to a height of 5,000 feet. Mr. Thompson, according to his pilot, was affected to such an extent by the altitude that he fell asleep and slept for an hour.

Mr. Thompson was mentioned in the dispatches as an engineer of Salt Lake, but was not so known here. He came to this city from New York about two years ago as a promoter, and was associated for a time in business with Richard J. Evans on the mining exchange, and later figured as representative of Samuel Newhouse. He remained here only a few months, returning to New York last year, and has since been in that city and in Boston.

## COUNTRY EDITORS' DAY.

Many Varied Calls on His Time, but He Meets Them All.

(Washington Post.)

The duties of the editor of a live country weekly, with a circulation of 5,000 and a working force of fifteen or eighteen, are as the sand swept by the tides. There is no end to 'em.

At 7:30 a. m. Saturday morning such an editor was seated on his high stool at the long desk in the front part of his print shop slicing open his mail. He checked off the renewals on the mailing list to his right, handed the foreman the complaints from the various medicine advertisers and their changes, and with pen and ink attended to the letters that required answers. Then he rolled up 150 papers in single wraps, marked each one "sample copy" with a rubber stamp and addressed them to the possible subscribers and advertisers.

Between 8 and 9 he refereed a controversy between his foreman and one of the job printers, helped a printer girl decipher ten pages of badly written penmanship by "Old Subscriber," and entertained a committee of women seeking assistance for a church enterprise. It was 11 when the editor began making out some bills for the collector, who stood by waiting. A small gentleman wearing spectacles came in, deferentially removing a rusty stiff hat.

"I have some poetry," he said, producing a paper.

The editor looked up apprehensively.

"I would like to read it to you if you could spare the time," the visitor went on, getting closer.

"There's a man in the front room who likes poetry," said the editor. "Read it to him."

"But you're the editor, aren't you?"

"Well—yes—but—"

"Then you can't be the proper party. It won't take long."

"This is Saturday, and I'm awful busy. Couldn't you come 'round Monday?"

"I will not be in town Monday. I live in Iowa, and I'm here visiting my nephew, Tom Jones. Mr. Jones takes your paper."

"Oh, he does? Well, go ahead and read it."

The editor settled wearily back in a chair, and the collector left, saying she would return in the afternoon for the bills. The poet got out in the middle of the big room and read it in a tragic voice. The printers, thinking it a free entertainment, quit work and gathered around. There were ten pages of the poem, and it took an hour to get rid of the poet.

Then the editor began again on his bills, finished them, and, the collector having gone, he started to go out with them himself, when another editor was ushered in. He had a frown on his face and the editor saw trouble in his suppressed manner. He wanted to know if the paper meant to ridicule him and his family about a cat and a parrot story it had printed in that issue. He said the parrot was worth \$250, and that he could not see anything to joke about when the cat killed it.

The editor manfully assumed all blame for the story, which had been written by a reporter, insisted that no harm had been intended, and that he would be glad to retract in the future. When the visitor left the frown was gone and the editor had another dollar for renewal.

Directly after dinner the editor was summoned to a private meeting of the county's lawyers and a few citizens to consider a threatened move by certain persons who held a large number of bonds against the county, and with whom the county had been litigating for their years. It was a serious and important meeting, and lasted until late in the afternoon.

When the editor got back to his office he found the collector had been there, waited an hour, and left in disgust. Then he took the bills and went out to collect from the merchants during the rush hour of the busiest day in the week.

He hated to do it, but he knew at 5 o'clock the bread line would form by that long desk, and that the ghost had to dance whether it felt in a frothy mood or not. As the clock was striking the hour the editor, a bit tired, but with light of victory in his eye, was on hand with the goods.

When the last toll had passed by the long desk the telephone rang. It was a call from the superintendent of the Atlanta public school, twelve miles back in the country. The superintendent said there were 100,000 cases of Catarrh, Chronic, and Nervous diseases in the past year at Atlanta, the editor had to get up and unroll the proceedings, which lasted until nearly midnight.

Next morning at 9:30 sharp the editor was on hand at the Presbyterian Sunday school, where he taught a class and not long thereafter smiled indulgently as the late arrivals excused their tardiness on the grounds of multitudinous duties.

When the editor got back to his office he found the collector had been there, waited an hour, and left in disgust. Then he took the bills and went out to collect from the merchants during the rush hour of the busiest day in the week.

He hated to do it, but he knew at 5 o'clock the bread line would form by that long desk, and that the ghost had to dance whether it felt in a frothy mood or not. As the clock was striking the hour the editor, a bit tired, but with light of victory in his eye, was on hand with the goods.

When the last toll had passed by the long desk the telephone rang. It was a call from the superintendent of the Atlanta public school, twelve miles back in the country. The superintendent said there were 100,000 cases of Catarrh, Chronic, and Nervous diseases in the past year at Atlanta, the editor had to get up and unroll the proceedings, which lasted until nearly midnight.

Next morning at 9:30 sharp the editor was on hand at the Presbyterian Sunday school, where he taught a class and not long thereafter smiled indulgently as the late arrivals excused their tardiness on the grounds of multitudinous duties.

When the editor got back to his office he found the collector had been there, waited an hour, and left in disgust. Then he took the bills and went out to collect from the merchants during the rush hour of the busiest day in the week.

He hated to do it, but he knew at 5 o'clock the bread line would form by that long desk, and that the ghost had to dance whether it felt in a frothy mood or not. As the clock was striking the hour the editor, a bit tired, but with light of victory in his eye, was on hand with the goods.

When the last toll had passed by the long desk the telephone rang. It was a call from the superintendent of the Atlanta public school, twelve miles back in the country. The superintendent said there were 100,000 cases of Catarrh, Chronic, and Nervous diseases in the past year at Atlanta, the editor had to get up and unroll the proceedings, which lasted until nearly midnight.

Next morning at 9:30 sharp the editor was on hand at the Presbyterian Sunday school, where he taught a class and not long thereafter smiled indulgently as the late arrivals excused their tardiness on the grounds of multitudinous duties.

When the editor got back to his office he found the collector had been there, waited an hour, and left in disgust. Then he took the bills and went out to collect from the merchants during the rush hour of the busiest day in the week.